

Alexia Singer

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Summary: Bobby has a daughter, and she's a dang good hunter despite how hard Bobby tried to keep her away from the life. But now she's in, so she might as well hunt with the Winchesters, right? Dean thinks so.

Alexia Singer

"Bobby!" Dean yelled as he slammed the door open, Sam on his tail. They burst into the kitchen, dropping shotguns and knives onto the table.

"Bobby we need some help with-" Dean stopped as he stepped into the library/office. "Who's that?!"

Sitting on the desk surrounded by Bobby's books was a young girl maybe in her twenties wearing ripped jeans and a leather jacket. Chocolate hair curled over her shoulders and covered part of her face, and her dark eyes locked on Dean as she looked up at him. His eyes ran a little too slowly down her body before spinning around to look for Bobby.

"Bobby?" He said again, giving her a wary eye. "there's a hot girl on your desk and I don't know who she is!"

"Dean Winchester I presume?" She said, sliding off the desk and stepping toward Dean. Her bright blue socks make her footsteps silent against the hardwood floor.

"Uhâ€| Yeah? Who are you?" Dean asked, glancing around awkwardly.

"She's my daughter you idjit. Alexia Singer." Bobby grumbled as he walked into the room."

"What?!" Dean exclaimed.

"You have a daughter?!" Sam raised a confused eyebrow.

"Okay okay so you do have a daughter, but why is she here and why have I never heard of her?" Dean said after Bobby told the full story."

"I'm helping on a case obviously." Alexia said, leaning against the door jam. Dean yanked his eyes away from her to see Sam smirking at him. Dean rolled his eyes and turned back to Bobby.

"So what's the case?" Sam asked.

"Just a nest of vamps. I was just about to head over there and take care of them." Alexia said, stepping into her boots and strapping knives into them.

"We'll help." Dean said, turning towards the door. Sam and Bobby exchanged amused glances as Dean followed Alexia out the door only a little too eagerly.

"Wanna take my car?" Dean said with a smirk, knowing the power of Baby over women.

"No thanks. I've got my own ride." She said, swaggering over to a shiny new looking Harley Davidson. She straddled the bike, pulling a helmet over her wild hair and flashing a haughty look at Dean as she revved her engine.

Dean had to floor the pedal to keep up with her.

By the time Dean finally found the abandoned warehouse that was supposedly the nest he had to follow the trail severed heads to find her.

Dean intended to help her, taking out some vamps himself, but when he finally caught up with her he couldn't take his eyes off her.

It was almost like she was dancing, spinning and using wide strokes to relieve the vamps of their heads. Not a single one got close enough to touch her.

"Thanks for the help Dean. Couldn't have done it without you." She gave a sarcastic smirk as she sidled by him, sheathing her machete.

Alexia sat in the corner of the living room of Bobby's safehouse wearing one of Dean's t shirts. The boys had just returned from the shootout with Dick Roman, and Bobby was gone. Tears streaked her face and her shoulders shook violently, but she didn't let out a sound. Sam and Dean had both approached her in an attempt at comfort, but she'd shoved them away silently.

She'd been hunting with them for months by then, and she was part of the family. The boys wanted to help her, but they couldn't even help themselves. The loss of Bobby shook their whole world. He'd always been the one constant, even through the death of Lexi's mom and the boys' past and all the crap they'd gone through together: leviathans, Cas's betrayal, Sam recovering from the cage. Bobby had been the one thing that was always there, that they could always fall back on and now he was gone.

After Sam fell asleep, Dean crossed the room and sat beside Alexia in the corner.

"Hey Lex." His voice was low and hoarse. She didn't say anything, but leaned against Dean's shoulder. He pulled her against him, pushing her legs onto his lap and holding her tightly into his chest.

Her fingers curled into his shirt and she clung to him desperately, her entire body shaking and her tears again in Dean's shirt. He wrapped his arms tighter around her, pressing his mouth to her forehead and squeezing his eyes shut, his own tears dripping down to mingle with hers.

"Shhh, it's okay sweetheart. It's gonna be okay." He whispered roughly against her hair. They both knew it was a lie, such a sweet lie that could never be true. But Alexia didn't say anything, just clung tighter to Dean even as he held tighter to her.

It must've been hours, but the sky was still dark and Sam was still asleep and Alexia was still tight in Dean's arms and Alexia still clung to Dean's shirt.

"Lex." Dean's tears were dry but his voice shook with emotion. Alexia turned her face to look up at Dean. Her cheeks were stained with tears, her eyes red but Dean hadn't seen anything so beautiful in his life.

"Lex. I thinkâ€|. I love you." Dean whispered into her hair. She pressed her face into his chest. He felt her lips move against his shoulder. He couldn't hear what she said, but he knew it.

When Sam woke the next morning to find Dean and Lexi curled in the corner of the living room, a weak smile found its way to his face. At least through it all, they'd finally found each other. Sam ran his hands over his face, letting out a heavy sigh. He knew what was coming next: Dean and Lexi would obsessively hunt Dick, the vengeance already burning in all of them would be uncontrollable. They had nothing else to do, Sam figured, so they might as well take out the leviathans. If they could ever figure out how, that is.

When Dean finally woke up Lexi was nowhere to be seen. His arms felt strangely empty without her and the room was suddenly cold. Dean pushed himself to his feet, rubbing his eyes. The room was empty and silent, only the frigid air filling it. For a second, Dean couldn't remember why his heart felt so heavy, why the world had a darker edge to it than usual. Then it came back, the memory of the day before, those five numbers, the battle with the leviathans. He ran his hands heavily over his face, letting out a long sigh. He wanted Lexi in his arms again.

"Sammy?" Dean said, his voice echoing awkwardly through the empty room. No response. Dean shuffled across the room to grab a beer.

"Dean!" The door suddenly burst open and Sam came barreling in, making Dean jump and almost drop his beer.

"Holy crap Sam. What?" Dean snapped, popping the cap on his beer.

"Lexi's gone."

This time Dean did drop his beer.

"Where did she go?!" Dean asked, his shoulders tightening with anxiety as he crossed the room, collecting his weapons.

"I don't know, I woke up and she was with you, then I went to get coffee and when I came back her motorcycle wasn't here and she was gone, so I drove around a bit to try to find her. Nowhere to be seen." Sam said, nervously collecting his own weapons. His eyebrows were furled with concern. "I mean, she's probably fine, butâ€|" He cut himself off.

"I'm gonna call her." Dean fished out his cellphone and hit the speed dial button for Lexi. When her answering machine sounded he slammed his fist into the table, snapping the phone closed and throwing it down. "No answer."

"I'll be right back." Sam said, heading out to the shed behind the safehouse for specialty weapons. Almost as soon as Sam shut the door, Dean's phone started ringing. He crossed the room in a second, picking up the phone and flipping it open in one smooth movement.

"Lex?!" He said urgently. The reception was bad, static filling his ear.

"Dean!" Lexi's desperate voice was cut off by her cry of pain, and the line went dead. Dean's heart was practically beating out of his chest as he threw the door open, throwing his bag into his car and driving down the road before his door was even closed.

Sam watched his brother shoot down the road, anxiety filling his head even as Lucifer cackled gleefully, clearly enjoying the entire situation

"C'mon Lex, where'd you goâ€|" Dean muttered over the roar of Baby going at least thirty over the speed limit.

Lexi had never been particularly fond of tight spaces or really any sort of restraining environment. Nor was she a big supporter of being slowly filleted alive, or being threatened with burning objects and the death of her family. But alas, here she was, surrounded by leviathans and strapped to a table.

"Where is Dean Winchester?" The leviathan asked, a little too calmly for the situation.

Lexi ignored him, taking in her surroundings. It was some type of warehouse, completely dark with only a few shafts of light coming from holes in the roof. Lexi squirmed a bit, testing the leather straps that were wrapped around her waist, wrists, neck, and ankles. Clearly this table had been set up for exactly this purpose.

"I said, where is Dean Winchester?" The leviathan repeated, rolling up his sleeves and playing with a long knife.

"Oh sure, I'll just tell you. That's why I'm strapped to a table.

Because obviously I'm gonna just spill my guts." Lexi said, raising an eyebrow, saturating her words with sarcasm. The leviathan gave an airy laugh, then levelled a venomous glare at Lexi, with she returned with just as much poison. The creature inhabiting a man who looked like an accountant or some sort of business dude approached the table, caressing the knife before grinning and running the blade down the side of her face, leaving a trail of hot blood. Lexi didn't even flinch.

"Yeah that'll work." Lexi drawled.

"Oh don't worry love. You'll talk eventually. They always do. Or you know, I eat them." He said, bringing the knife to the inside of her arm and tracing down her wrist. This time the girl cringed, but then rolled her eyes.

"That's cute." She muttered under her breath. The leviathan's eyes flashed and he smacked the back of his hand across her face. Her eyes watered, but Lexi kept her glare levelled at him.

"Hey Maria, clear my schedule. I'm gonna be enjoying this one." The leviathan spoke over his shoulder to the woman standing in the shadows, then slammed the knife down.

Dean didn't know what he was getting into, but he kept the pedal floored as he headed toward the coordinates he'd gotten from tracking Lexi's phone. His hands shook against the steering wheel but his furrowed brow and determined gaze never strayed from straight ahead. His phone rang incessantly, but he ignored Sam's calls. A million thoughts ran through his head at the speed of light, thinking of every awful thing that could've happened, of every monster that could have taken her and be hurting her orâ€|. No, even his nervous thoughts wouldn't go there. That cry of pain he'd heard through the phone echoed through his head endlessly no matter how hard he tried to shut it out.

He knew it was all his fault, that she had been vulnerable and grieving and he never should've let her out of his sight. He shouldn't have let himself fall asleep last night, he should've stayed awake to look after her. If she was hurt, it was all his fault. If she wasâ€|. No.

When Dean's phone went off this time, it was a different sound, the sound that meant he had reached his destination. He screeched Baby to a stop, throwing the door open and not even bothering to take the keys before he yanked out his gun and knife and sprinted towards the warehouse. Dean knocked the door in with a grunt and burst into the room.

"Ah, if it isn't the man of the hour." A purring voice said before Dean was grabbed from behind and chained to a wall.

At first he didn't know if the awful sight before his eyes was real or not. Even his worst memories of hell didn't equal this.

Lexi lay strapped to a table, the bottom half of her shirt ripped open and her jeans in tatters. Blood stained almost every inch of her, and he didn't know if he could see her chest rise and fall. Her eyes were closed and she faced away from him, the leather strapping her narrow frame to the table soaked in her blood. There were puddles

on the floor, puddles around her body, rivulets streaming in all their red glory steadily towards the floor. Lexi's full lips were parted and coated with red, her hands grimy with her own blood. Chafe marks surrounded her bare ankles and wrists and her dark hair was sticky with red.

Dean's entire body strained against the chains that held him back, his vision blurred with red edges, his muscles shook with strain as he thrashed and pulled.

"Oh calm down Dean." The man, who he assumed was a leviathan, purred as he approached Dean. He lunged towards the man, the chains around his hands and feet keeping him pinned to the wall. "I was just asking your girlfriend here where you were, but it seems you came right to me! Now I can ask you the question. But, I know you're good under torture. So good thing I've got some...ah, leverage here."

Dean spat at the man, every muscle in his body yanking desperately against the chains. His fists were clenched so tight the tendons stood out and his knuckles were white with strain.

"Now we've just got to wake her up. I'm sure her protests will be motivation enough." The man said, pushing his sleeves back up and tossing a bucket of freezing water over the girl, sending streams of wet pink over the floor. Dean cringed as the pink puddled around his boots.

"I'm gonna kill you. I'm gonna rip your heart out and feed it to you." Dean growled. His mind was racing as he tried to think of some way to get out, some way to fix this, but with his arms chained straight out on either side of him and his ankles fastened to the wall, he didn't know what to do.

"Dean?" Lexi's voice was weak and broken, barely audible. The sound of it sent Dean into another frenzy, throwing himself against the restraints and breaking the skin under the cuffs around his wrists.

"I'm here sweetheart, it's gonna be okay, I'm gonna get you out of her." Dean said, never stopping pulling against his bonds.

The leviathan played with a knife, approaching Lexi's table.

"Now Dean, where is the angel Castiel?" The leviathan lowered the knife to Lexi's side.

"What?! He's dead! What are you talking about?" Dean said.

"You're lying."

"No! Stop! I'm gonna kill you!" Dean shouted, yanking against the cuffs and spraying his own blood over the wall as the sharp cuffs bit into his skin.

"I'm sure you will, if i don't eat your girlfriend first. Where is Castiel?"

"I told you, he friggin died!" Dean screamed as the gleaming knife traced Lexi's ribs. She moaned, not even having enough energy to move.

"Dean, you really think you can lie to me? We've seen his fingerprints all over the place. Now where is Castiel?"

"He died, he exploded cause he absorbed all of you sons of—" Dean's words became a strangled cry as the knife again punctured Lexi's skin.

"WHERE IS CASTIEL?!" The leviathan screamed. He stopped abruptly as the head of his assistant rolled across the room, bumping into his loafers. He looked up just in time to see Sam's machete swing across his neck.

"Get her Sam, get her out of here!" Dean screamed. Sam crossed the room to free Dean. "No Sam, get over to her! Stop it, what are you doing?!" When Sam finally got Dean off the wall, Dean shoved his brother aside and ran to Lexi.

"I'm right here sweetheart, I'm right here, you're gonna be okay, i'm gonna get you out of here don't worry." Dean muttered as his shaking hands cut through the leather holding her down. As soon as Dean slid his arms under her and lifted her from the table, she passed out.

Dean lowered himself into the Impala, keeping Lexi tight in his arms as Sam slammed the driver side door shut and put the car into gear.

When they reached the hospital Sam screeched to a halt and threw his door open, going to open Dean's door.

"Sammy!" Sam didn't stop, throwing open the emergency room door as Dean followed.

"Sammy I can't tell if she's breathing!"

Lexi didn't leave the hospital for two weeks. She hated it in there, and Dean almost never left her side. When the day came that he could finally take her home, he made her swear to listen to every instruction he gave concerning her health.

"Hey Lex, what do you want for dinner?" Sam asked as he grabbed his keys and headed for the door.

"Italian. I want cheese Sam. cheese, you hear me?" Lexi answered from the bed where she lay reading.

"Got it." Sam answered, pulling the door shut.

"Hey sweetheart." Dean said gently, lying beside Lexi. "How you feeling?"

"I'm fine Dean." she said, not looking away from her book.

"Lex, look at me." Dean said insistently.

She wrenched her eyes away from her book to meet Dean's brown against green.

"How are you?"

"Dean I told you I'm fine."

Dean raised an eyebrow.

"Alright, as fine as is expected after I was dead for two whole minutes and magically resurrected in a hospital." She said. Dean closed his eyes, almost visibly wincing at the memory. "I'm sorry." Lexi whispered.

"Is there anything I can do for you?" He said gently.

"One thing."

Dean sat up and sidled up next to her. "Anything."

Lexi's eyes dropped to Dean's mouth, then returned to his eyes. Dean raised a questioning eyebrow, then leaned forward, pressing the most gentle of kisses to her mouth. She smiled into his lips, and he pulled back, pressing a kiss to her forehead.

"I'll be right back. I'm gonna get that movie you like and some blankets." Dean said. Lexi grinned excitedly, her hand lingering against his waist as he stood up.

When Dean returned with the movie and Lexi's favorite fluffy blanket, the bed was empty. He figured she'd gone to the bathroom or to get some popcorn, so he dropped onto the bed, laying spread eagled on his back and closing his eyes. Dean let out a sigh, relaxing into the bed as a smile played across his lips as he thought about Lexi.

"Oof!" Lexi sprawled herself across Dean, her small body barely knocking the air from his lungs. He wrapped his arms around her waist and buried his face in her hair

When Sam walked in on his brother and Lexi wrapped in each other, he was sorely tempted to make a snide comment, but instead he smiled.

"Grubs in!" Sam said, putting down the bag of food.

"What did you get?!" Lexi exclaimed shoving herself off of Dean and crossing the room.

"I've got some salad, about four hundred breadsticks, eighty pounds of pasta, and a crate of cheese." Sam said, pulling boxes out of the bag as he spoke.

"Yes! Sammy, you're a life saver!" Lexi stood on her tiptoes to kiss Sam on the cheek before grabbing the breadsticks and salad.

Sam glanced over at Dean and smirked at the look on his brother's face. Dean rolled his eyes.

Lexi sat between the Winchester brothers with a box of breadsticks on her lap and her favorite blanket thrown over her and her Winchesters. Her eyes were locked on the screen of her favorite movie as she and Sam quoted each line a second before it happened. Dean however, paid no attention to the movie. He was enthralled with Lexi, the way her brown eyes lit up as she dramatically quoted the movie, the way her

full lips curled into a smile as Sam perfectly copied the accent of one of the characters. Dean leaned over and pressed his mouth into her hair, and she looked up and smiled at him, leaning against his shoulder. Dean whispered her name and slid his arm around her waist, curling his fingers around her shirt and pulling her against him.

And so there was Alexia Singer and her two Winchester boys, ready to save the world...again.

End
file.